

# Under Fire

Copyright, 1916, By The Macaulay Company

By Richard Parker

Based on the drama of  
Roi Cooper Megrue  
Author of  
"UNDER COVER"  
and Co-Author of  
"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"

## SYNOPSIS.

The chief characters are Ethel Wiloughby, Henry Streetman and Capt. Larry Redmond. The minor characters are Sir George Wagstaff of the British admiralty and Charles Brown, a New York newspaper correspondent. Ethel, a resident of Sir George's household, secretly married to Streetman, a German spy, though she did not know him as such, Captain Redmond, her old lover, returns to England after long absence. From him she learns the truth about Streetman; furthermore, that he has betrayed her simply to learn naval secrets. The European war breaks out. Ethel prepares to accompany Streetman to Brussels as a German spy in order to get revenge and serve England. Captain Redmond, Ethel and Charles Brown turn up at a Belgian inn as the German army comes. She is Madame de Lorde. She begins to work with a French spy.

In this installment you get an unusually vivid picture of how the German troops took possession of Belgium—of her homes and farms and industries. It is a picture to make you hate war and its perpetrators—one to win your finest sympathy. And the picture is moving—the plot action goes forward with speed.

## CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

A peasant, half-mad, has stopped at the inn to warn its people that the enemy is approaching.

"Hurt?" he cried. "Hurt? You don't know 'em. . . . They came into my house and, nasty as you please, wanted food. My old woman started to argue with 'em. She wasn't scared then, and one of 'em took hold of her by the arm. Maybe he didn't mean anything; but she didn't understand, and she threw a dipper of cold water in his face like any decent woman would—and they shot her. They shot her for that! Civilian assaulting an officer, they called it. . . . I was out in the fields. The neighbors came and told me. And I hurried home to find her dead—her that hadn't done nothing—dead! . . . And I leaned out of the window—and I shot two of 'em—and then I ran. How I ran! And they didn't get me—and they won't get me!" The half-crazed peasant rushed off then, shouting to right and left, wherever he saw a head stuck out of a window, or a figure in a doorway, "The Germans are coming! The Germans are coming!" And after him poured the scurrying mob, all crying the same dread warning.

Charles Brown was getting all the color the most ambitious reporter could have coveted. He turned a sober face to old Christophe.

"This is going to be bad, old man!" he said.

"It's like some hideous nightmare," Ethel exclaimed.

"Yes, madame—and this is but the beginning," Christophe informed her gravely.

Charles Brown remembered then that Madame de Lorde, as she wished to be known, still lingered there. And he did not like the thought of her facing that oncoming German horde.

"If you'll go to your room, I'll come to you if you want me—if there's any need," he said.

"Yes—yes! And oh! these poor, poor people!" she cried.

"Hurry, you better close the doors!" Charles asked the innkeeper.

"Why, m'sieu, I shall only have to open them," Christophe replied. "I am not afraid, m'sieu."

"I wish I had your nerve," Charles told him. "All this has certainly got my goat. It's the limit."

Christophe, by a quick, sibilant sound, enjoined caution.

"M'sieu, they are here!" he warned him.

He had scarcely spoken when the first of the gray-clad invaders was momentarily framed in the open window. He rode a bicycle—that forerunner of destruction. And a fine, clean-looking youngster he was, one of the pick of the Kaiser's first-line troops. Cool, alert, businesslike, he pedaled deliberately as if unconscious of the black looks that met his coming. And as he passed the inn he turned his sunburned face so that he might seize a quick but comprehensive glance at its interior. Cumbered with full fighting kit, as he was, he showed none of the fatigue that had all but overcome Charles Brown before he arrived at the Lion d'Or. On the contrary, he looked fit as a prizefighter, trained to the minute. And behind him rode another as like him as a second pea out of the same pod.

Charles Brown gazed at them breathlessly. He was conscious of a mighty admiration for those two infinitesimal cogs in the great German military machine. And he said to Christophe in an awed whisper:

"Gosh! They're not afraid, are they? Anyone might pot them from a window." The thing might happen any moment.

"Perhaps they are not afraid because they know if they are killed they will be well avenged," Christophe answered. And then he said, "Really, m'sieu, do not speak English. I ask you to go. It may be easier for me. . . . Please, m'sieu, quickly!"

The American reluctantly left the window. He did not want to miss a

single detail of that amazing spectacle. But he had no wish to involve the worthy innkeeper in any needless trouble. So he started for the stairway.

"Well, you know where to find me," he said. A band was playing outside. Every moment the strains were growing more distinct. And Mr. Brown had hardly disappeared to regions above when a German corporal led a squad of eight men bodily into the Lion d'Or.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## Ethel Makes an Impression.

Those German infantrymen were a formidable-looking company to descend upon a peace-loving innkeeper such as Henri Christophe. It was, indeed, no wonder that he viewed them with apprehension, as they stood there at parade rest and stared stolidly into his startled face. It seemed to him that wherever he looked he met the determined, impersonal, almost inhuman blue eyes of one of those businesslike Germans. And there was something sinister in the very way they crowded his hostelry. Henri Christophe could not help feeling that even so they would crowd every house in Belgium. To him they seemed like locusts sent by a displeased God to swarm over the land until it should be filled to overflowing. . . . And always, he told himself, there would be countless throngs to fill the slightest gap in their grim ranks.

While Christophe viewed them with mingled alarm and amazement, a telephone sergeant joined those gray ghosts from beyond the Rhine. He carried a gun slung over his back and a field telephone in his hands. Placing the instrument on one of Christophe's tables, he proceeded to run a wire through the doorway to the street.

"The major is coming!" he announced to his friend the corporal, who at once commanded his men to present arms. So they stood, posed like statues, when Major von Brenig entered, saluted the flag, and then cast a quick glance of satisfaction about the room.

Just before him another figure had slipped inside the door, and returned the salute of the corporal; and now he stood impassively looking on, much as if the proceeding were merely an everyday occurrence with him. But however unconcerned he appeared, he was far from disinterested. However much he appeared at ease in his uniform of a German captain, he felt anything but at home in it. There was, in truth, no uniform that suited Larry Redmond so well as that of his own Irish Guards.

"This is good!" Major von Brenig told his corporal. And it was evident that Lieutenant Baum and Sergeant Schmidt, who had arrived simultane-

ously with him, shared his sentiments heartily. "Can we not spend the night here?" the major asked.

Then he proceeded to avail himself of the aids that the foresight of the general staff had long ago devised for just such an emergency.

"Baum," he said, turning to the lieutenant, "have you the papers and the map from the Wilhelmstrasse?"

Lieutenant Baum saluted, and at once he handed some documents to his superior officer, who scanned them quickly.

"Lion d'Or?" he read aloud. . . . "Proprietor, Henri Christophe?" . . . Bring Henri Christophe," he ordered.

At that the innkeeper himself stepped forward.

"I am Henri Christophe," he announced in a quivering voice, even as Sergeant Schmidt was starting to search for him.

"Oh, you speak English!" the major said.

"Yes, m'sieu," Christophe did not

know why he had committed that breach of policy. But he was too frightened even to reproach himself for the inadvertence.

"You are the proprietor of this inn?" the officer demanded.

"Yes, m'sieu!"

Major von Brenig barked out an order to his men. And straightway they closed both the shutters and the great door that gave upon the street. Meanwhile the major examined his papers further.

"You have a daughter," he announced at length, "Jeanne Marie Christophe, and a servant Louis?"

Henri Christophe told him that the facts were so.

"Where are they?" the officer asked him then.

"The servant fled with the others," Christophe replied. "My daughter is in her room, m'sieu." He turned toward the door through which little Jeanne had sought asylum. But Major von Brenig stopped him.

"No, I shall do that," he informed him. And at his bidding Sergeant Schmidt sprang forward to find the girl. Her father simply pointed toward the proper door. And his heart sank as he realized the fright that would seize the timid little thing at such a summons. But he had not long to ponder upon that; for Major von Brenig straightway resumed his catechism.

"You have six rooms," he continued. "Two of these will be occupied by myself and officers for the night. You will have them prepared at once, two beds each. The other four rooms will be shared by the infantry who will be stationed here. For them you will need make no preparations."

Henri Christophe bowed obediently. "You have ground here—enough to graze two hundred horses," the matter-of-fact major proceeded. "You have three cows, two horses, a haystack, plenty of chickens and pigs. Is that not right?"

"Yes, m'sieu, quite right!" the innkeeper replied. He was staggered, stupefied, by that amazing and accurate inventory.

"All these we shall take; but we shall of course pay for them," the officer told him.

And then Sergeant Schmidt returned, with little Jeanne cowering beside his bulky figure. At the sight of her father she rushed across the room and clung to him, a piteous spectacle.

"Ah, non, non, I am afraid—I am afraid," she stammered.

He patted her gently.

"There, Jeanne—they will not hurt you," Henri Christophe said.

Major von Brenig looked with some slight perturbation upon the sight of the frightened girl shrinking against her natural protector, as if he still had power to shield her from all evil.

"No, my pretty little one, we are not devils," he said. "We will not harm you. I am a father myself."

"There—what did I tell you?" exclaimed the relieved Henri.

"You are quite safe, my child," the major added—"so long as you obey."

Already the summer air vibrated with the far-off boom of heavy guns. And now a bugle in the street outside blared an order to the troops that were filing past the Lion d'Or.

"Oh, papa," the little creature cried. But Henri Christophe knew that the situation must be faced.

"Now, Jeanne, will you prepare the rooms in four and six—two beds in each? In the others these gentlemen will sleep. He bent over her in order to emphasize his words.

"But we have guests already," she reminded him.

Her father turned a rueful face upon the major.

"Ah, m'sieu, I had forgotten. We have two lodgers," he explained.

"Who are they?"

"One is an American gentleman, m'sieu; and the other a Frenchwoman."

"Well, put them out of their rooms. We must occupy them."

"You hear, Jeanne?" Christophe said. "Oui, mon pere."

"Then hurry, my child!" he urged her.

Major von Brenig gave her one last order.

"And tell those two—those guests—they shall report here to me at once."

"Oui, m'sieu," Jeanne Christophe hurried away then.

"And now, m'sieu, I go to prepare your dinner," her father told the officer.

"Just a moment! You have here no firearms of any description?"

"None, m'sieu."

"You have no telephone?"

"None, m'sieu."

Major von Brenig wheeled about then, and waved his hand at some large placards which his men had already fastened to the walls of the room.

"Now, my friend, you see those proclamations?" he inquired.

"Yes, m'sieu."

"It is well that you heed them," the officer said sternly. "If there is any attempt at communication with the enemy, if there is any attack on our men by civilians from this house or any other house, the inmates of that house, together with the mayor of your town, when we hold as hostage, will all be shot. It is a warning to others."

. . . We do not wish to do these things, but this is war, and we must protect ourselves. . . . You understand?"

"Perfectly, sir," said Henri Christophe.

"We shall take what supplies we need," the major continued, "but any officer or man who refuses to pay you a just price, you will report to me, and he will be punished. If you demand an unjust price, you will be punished."

"Yes, m'sieu."

The subdued innkeeper had already started to leave the room when the officer's keen eye caught sight of something that immediately interested him. At his feet he noticed a hump and padlock. And with characteristic German thoroughness he at once desired to solve the mystery.

"Wait! What's this?" he demanded. "Only the entrance to the wine cellar!" Christophe told him.

"Open it!"

"Yes, m'sieu," Henri Christophe stooped and unlocked the heavy padlock. "Volla, m'sieu!" he exclaimed as he lifted the trapdoor.

"Good!" said the major as he peered into the dark cavern. "Later on you will bring up some wine. It will be excellent for tonight."

Christophe had started to close the trap when the major halted him again. "Is there any outlet to the cellar save this?" he asked thoughtfully.

"None, m'sieu."

"Baum," said the major, "make sure he is telling the truth—that no one could escape that way."

Lieutenant Baum saluted, and, detaching a flashlight from his belt he descended the steps that led into the cellar.

"Now you may go cook dinner," the major told the innkeeper.

Once rid of preliminaries, Major von Brenig addressed himself to Larry Redmond, who all this time had been a silent onlooker to the proceedings.

"Ah! You must be Captain Karl," he said.

"Yes, Herr Major!" Larry answered. "I was told that you had only just reported—your papers said on some special mission. Can I be of assistance?"

"I thank you, major; but at the moment there is nothing," Larry told him.

"Perhaps you will dine with me?" Major von Brenig said. He was a hospitable man. And he understood that Captain Karl was held in high esteem by his superiors.

"I thank you, Herr Major. Auf wiedersehen!" Larry replied. And he walked to the door. He was not keen to dine with the German officer, and face his frankly scrutinizing eyes, and perhaps have embarrassing questions fired at him. But he saw no decent way of declining. And there was always the chance that such mingling with enemy officers might yield valuable information. If he should be caught—well! that was all in the game.

Lieutenant Baum, returning from the wine cellar, announced that he had discovered no opening other than the one furnished by the trapdoor in the floor.

"Good!" the older officer said. "Now I shall go to my room and change my boots. I have not had them off for over a week."

"You have not questioned the French lady or the American," the lieutenant reminded him.

"I shall leave that to you and Sergeant Schmidt," the major replied.

It was only a few minutes before Lieutenant Baum had summoned Ethel before him. He asked her name.

"I am Madame de Lorde," she told him.

"A Frenchwoman?" he inquired.

"Yes, m'sieu."

He regarded her narrowly.

"You are perhaps a woman spy—they say the French have many spies. I must search you," he announced, to her consternation.

"Oh, monsieur, may I speak privately with you?" she begged him.

"Well, what is it?"

"Only I wish to show you some thing."

"What trick is this?" he asked with asperity.

But Ethel only smiled at his gruffness. Lieutenant Baum was a good looking chap.

"Surely you are not afraid of me—one little woman?" she said archly.

"And a very pretty woman!" His hand sought his mustache again.

"Well, what is it, madame?"

Ethel drew him slightly to one side. All but three of the infantrymen billeted upon Henri Christophe had withdrawn. But the remaining guard was all eyes and ears for this cross-examination of a possible spy.

Does it seem possible that Madame de Lorde can "put it over" on the German officers and get an opportunity to give the precious information she seeks to the French?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## "INTO THE HEART"

Righteousness Which Alone Can Satisfy God Must Be Perfect in Its Purity.

"Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."—Matt. 5:20.

A strange doctrine this must have been to those who looked upon the scribes and Pharisees as foremost in religion. The scribes were the most noted teachers of the law, the Pharisees the most noted professors of it. It had been said among the Jews, if but two people were to enter heaven, one would be a Pharisee, the other a scribe.

What a surprise, then, to hear from the lips of the great Prophet of Nazareth that "except your righteousness shall exceed"—go beyond, be better than—"the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Wherein did the righteousness of the Pharisees and the scribes fall short? What was lacking? It did not go far enough. They were extremely careful to observe some of the laws or parts of the law, while they fell short in others. And it did not go deep enough. That was the chief lack. It did not penetrate beneath the shell of the outward life.

Holiness Above All Things.

But the law of God, properly understood, reaches deep into the heart with all its desires, motives, and thoughts. The law of God demands holiness in the inner sanctuary as well as in the outer courts. To drive this home the Savior adduces, by way of illustration, several commandments of the decalogue. "Ye have heard it said"—The traditional interpretation confined the application of these commands to the actual crimes. Our Lord shows that it extends deeper—into the heart. In the sight of him who searches the inner fountain of life, the evil thought, the wicked wish, and the unclean desire are as guilty as the deeds.

And so the only righteousness that can please God is the one that exceeds that of the scribes and Pharisees; that conforms to the law not merely in outward deed and action, but also in the inner recesses of the heart with its desires, motives, and thoughts. And this conformity to the law must be complete, without any violation whatsoever. Accordingly the Lord closes this section of his sermon on the Mount with the words recorded at the end of this chapter: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Perfection, a 100 per cent holiness, is the only righteousness that can please the Lord.

But is this doctrine not sufficient to drive a man to despair? For where on this terrestrial globe is the man who has ever succeeded in working out for himself and of himself a perfect righteousness? "There is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good and sinneth not," (Eccl. 7:20), says the Preacher inspired by the Omnipotent Spirit of God. If God's message to humanity were confined to the law no one might hope to stand before the Omnipotent One and receive the reward of eternal life by virtue of his own self-made, filthy-rag righteousness. The sinner must wander to his grave condemned—lost.

Savior's Gracious Promise.

But, thank God, we have from the lips of Jesus, the prophets, and the apostles also the sweet Gospel message, which proclaims to unrighteousness, condemned, lost mankind the joyful tidings, "Unto you is born a Savior, which is Christ the Lord." And so what man could not do the Savior, which is Christ the Lord, did. "Think not," says he, "that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill." The Savior here assures us that the purpose of his coming was to fulfill the law—that is, fill it full. The law with all its demands and penalties may be considered as a vessel. Man had been trying to fill it full by his own efforts, but unsuccessfully. All have come far short of the mark. Hence we are all under the condemnation of God and his broken law—lost. But behold! "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which is lost."

And how did he save them? "I am come . . . to fulfill" the law. He came, and with his atoning life and death filled it full to the brim; full, so that not one word of the law remained unfilled, and not one penalty unsatisfied. He worked out a perfect righteousness.—Rev. H. P. Eckhardt.

Work and Worship.

We may serve God as truly in our work as in our worship. While Paul was in Corinth he was engaged at his trade of tent-making and preached as he had opportunity. Both alike he did for the glory of God. It is the will of Jehovah that man should work. "Six days shalt thou labor." Thus our daily employment is an appointed means of carrying out our Maker's purpose. The Hindus, as one of their festivals, pay divine honors to their tools. The carpenter brings his saw and plane, the blacksmith his hammer, the farmer his rude plow; and bowing down they worship them. Not on rare occasions but every day the spirit of adoration should be associated with our toil. Labor is a part of the divine life.

When we know the full extent of any danger, and can accustom our eyes to it, a great deal of the apprehension vanishes.—Burke.

## SECRETARY M'GILL LEAVES FOR TEXAS

SECRETARY OF NASHVILLE Y. M. C. A. TRANSFERRED TO ARMY CAMP IN TEXAS.

## WILL WORK WITH SOLDIERS

International Committee of New York Plans to Have Secretaries of Local Associations Throughout Country Visit Border.

—Nashville.

S. W. McGill, secretary of the Nashville Y. M. C. A. left for San Antonio, Tex., to assist in the work of the association in the army camps along the Mexican border. He goes at the request of the international committee of the Y. M. C. A. in New York.

The magnitude and importance of the Y. M. C. A. work in the army is being generally and officially recognized. In all twenty military camps, with over 100,000 soldiers, are being served. Along the Mexican border there are now 150 Y. M. C. A. secretaries, and a large number of buildings have been erected at different camps and troop stations.

These buildings, equipped with gymnasiums, baths, music rooms, libraries, lounging rooms, games, moving pictures and other forms of entertainment, are a most potent factor in softening the hardships of soldier life in garrison and field, and are acknowledged by the army officers to be invaluable in maintaining the morale of the soldiers. The Y. M. C. A. is receiving the heartfelt co-operation of the war department.

Blizzard Catches Tennessee Boys.

The Tennessee troops were given a "touch of real winter" when a genuine "norther" swooped down on Camp Pershing, following extremely torrid weather. The thermometer dropped overnight from above 90 to below 40, causing the soldier boys to long for home and the comforts of the fireside.

Men who went to sleep on top of their blankets awoke to get under them, while the wind blew a gale that threatened to carry away the canvas houses, and did topple a few over on their occupants. However, no real damage was done, and it proved nothing more serious than to make it very uncomfortable for the men.

Although all members of the Third Tennessee were given the anti-typhoid vaccine during their stay at the mobilization camp at Nashville, they are now to be given the para-typhoid prophylactic. The physicians have decided that the anti-typhoid prophylactic does not give immunity from the para-typhoid, of which there have been a good many cases among the border troops, so an order was issued for the entire regiment to be inoculated again.

This is done with ink on a card, and the cards are filled out and each man required to sign his own. This is a part of the army's identification system, and gets deserters when all other efforts at identification fail. This will also start tomorrow. This and the inoculation will keep the men so busy they won't get to drill much this week, and there are to be two subsequent shots with the "hypo."

The regiment was taken out this morning for its second hike of the week. The command marched out of camp at 8 o'clock, and went between four and five miles, making but one rest on the way. On the return march not a single pause for rest was made. Although this is decidedly strenuous for a command as large as a regiment, not a man dropped out of ranks, and they came in cheering and singing, and apparently as fresh as when they started out.

Major-General O'Ryan paid the regiment a recent visit, and inspected some of the kitchens, mess halls and company quarters. The general's verdict was that the regiment's condition from a sanitary standpoint showed quite an improvement over two weeks ago, and the regiment was complimented.

While here, Gen. O'Ryan appointed Lieut.-Col. Gleason summary court officer for the brigade. The colonel has been presiding over the regimental summary court, but will now occupy two benches. The brigade court will meet every morning and the regimental court in the afternoon. All prisoners arrested by the military police are tried before the brigade court, and those by the regimental guard before the regimental court. Some pretty stiff sentences are now being imposed by these courts.

State Pension Board Closes.

The state pension board closed its quarterly meeting Tuesday, having been in session twenty days.

Law Students Elect Officers.

At a meeting of the senior class of the University of Memphis Law School a permanent organization was effected and the following officers elected: Benjamin G. Love, president; Samuel Taubenblatt, vice-president; J. H. Parnell, secretary and treasurer.

This is the first organization of its kind ever effected in this school for the purpose of bringing the students into a closer personal relationship, that they may accomplish more by jointly working together.